

The Brethren's Evangelist

H. R. HOLSINGER & CO.,

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AS

SUMMER IS GOING

FAREWELL.

Summer is fading ; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green when June was young are falling ;
And all the whisper-haunted forest through
The restless birds in saddened tones are calling
From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Fragrant, fruity summer,
Sweet farewell !"

Upon the windy hill, in many a field,
The honey bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its bloom can yield ;
And knowing that their harvest time is over,
Sing half a lullaby and half a kneel,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey laden summer,
Sweet farewell !"

The little brook that bubbles 'mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and sandy shadows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
And with a plaintive, purring voice is saying
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell !"

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding arc
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying ;
Its gusty laughter has no sign of pain,
But in the lulls it sinks in gentle sighing,
And mourns the summer's early broken spell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell !"

So bird, and bee, and brook, and breeze make moan,
With melancholy song their loss complaining ;
I, too, must join them, as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's waning ;
I, too, have loved the season passing well—
So, farewell summer,
Fair but faded summer,
Sweet farewell !

—George Arnold.

LOVE.

Read in Prayer Meeting at College Chapel, Sabbath afternoon.

BY J. H. THOMPSON.

"God is love," and the nearer we approach to God, the purer and deeper becomes our love for him and for our fellowmen. We must love something, and if it be not an object which will give beauty and strength to our souls, it will be an object which will cause us to degenerate into insignificance. Out of love flow those lines which the true Christian follows. When God is in the soul, it is lifted up and beyond that sphere which is termed duty, and exercises its powers in a realm in which we act, not from a sense of obligation, but from an indwelling motive which bids us do right for right's sake.

The man who labors, merely, because he must labor, is a slave and will receive only the reward of a slave ; but he who labors from love of God and the souls of men is an heir and will inherit the glories that grow out of noble and righteous acts. He who does right, simply, to satisfy his conscience ; or for the peace it gives to his mind, has not the spirit of a Christian, but the spirit of a hypocrite.

God will not accept our offerings when they are given grudgingly ; but when we come to the altar with our hearts overflowing with love, he smiles upon us and we receive new strength which impels us onward to still higher and nobler deeds.

Oh, what depths of love was reached when God, for the redemption of man, sacrificed his Son who was guileless and pure ! And what infinite love was that of our Savior when he consented to endure the agonies of a crucifixion that his innocent blood might wash away the sins of the world !

Brethren, let us unveil our hearts to God and ask him to take away our impurities ; to create within us a fountain of perfect love ; and to inspire our souls with courage to oppose all manner of sin. Let us cast off our cold formalities, and act from impulses of love. The church of to-day is too much like a machinery hall. The members look upon the minister as the propelling power, and when he ceases to turn their wheels, they become motionless. Many of them, too, wear reversible cloaks, turning out that side which best suits their purposes. However this is not true of Christians ; but is characteristic, only, of those who are great in profession and small in possession. There are men, in the church, who resemble icebergs, and their chilling influence benumbs the hearts of those around them. There is too much coldness of hearts ; which we should permit to be melt-